

JERU THE DAMAJA – GREAT SOLAR STANCE LYRICS

what n-gg-s deal, they last 24 i did in the first

before the doctor cleaned off the afterbirth

i kicked a verse, smoked a blunt, shooked the earth

smacked the physician, and f-cked the nurse
the truth hurts, like a sword in the hand of this expert

cuttin through your soul, like your best friend did your dirt

mental like physical blows destroy ego's

your style is babylonian, like d-cks in -ssholes

the drama unfolds, don't mean nothing up my nose
i can't stand snow, it only blows like nitro

blistering, my flows i'm splittin, so i hope you listening

super shoutout to all my n-gg-s in prison
shout to the pyramids, the cypher and scription
science fact not fiction, i cut with precision

speak multiplication, subration, addition

division, great solar stance burns compition

"this-this-this-this is the showdown"

i put you in the chicken wing like bob backlund,
jack ya team captain
bring drama like summer night, ghetto action

some honies got it twisted, fat -sses i mash 'em

cops like jewels, back in the days i sn-tch 'em
you catch a tantrum, date how the raws rockin the drum

float like the white lotus, kill like whitey in vietnam
you should peel arm, gorilla tactics like viacom

set sh-t on fire like a bomb, up in smoke like cheech & chong

true blacks too strong can't let nothin stand in my way
sh-t will get thick like juice 60 in friday

in brooklyn, kill mc's like captain hook your children

to rappers i'm a villain, fill esteem wan't my secret like samson
picture so hard, i stunt your grandson son

teleport from coast to coast like sp-ceghost

like soy b-tter on my breakfast toast

and when it comes to makin it nasty, i flips it the most

"this-this-this-this-this is the showdown"

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setting it off like pistols in the projects

the climax hold ya six like nasty hot wet s-x

but string tech i catch wreck, ejucalate when i inject

not a player hatter, regulator, trick n-gg-s get checked

when i resurrect hip hop, you know the bullsh-t stop
like you got the oo-wop, the pops and what nots

fruity like ed koch, ya straight boo-tops, i'm top notch
super funky like a derelict prost-tute prop

ya hear gun shots, the coroner shows up to take flicks

sh-t is feet, but no feet sh-t like chicks with d-cks

ya throat flip too quick, to blaze magnetic

paramedics roll up on the scene,

it's tragic, don't deal with magic

johnson, renegade like charles bronson

packing a force like 18 bronzemen

grand laron, excelent marksmen arson

fire, water, earth, metal, wind